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THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

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A POET FOR POETS.

"Liberty, melody, passion, fate, nature, love, and fame are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from its first almost boyhood touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two score years with music that has been blown through the world." These words strike the key-note of Professor Woodberry's appreciation of Mr. Swinburne's poetry—a book in form, an essay in dimensions, and a nugget of pure gold in critical quality. We are indebted to Mr. Woodberry for many precious earlier gifts—for much noble verse of his own and for much finely-tempered discourse upon the verse of other men—but to no piece of his writing more than to this, in which the poet speaks of the poet straight to the heart of all who love poetry.

We started to read Mr. Woodberry's essay with some misgivings. He has been charged with defective sympathies, with putting too much of the New England conscience into his judgment of Poe, for example, and of other writers in whose temperament the puritan spirit has no part. We are not sure that this charge is justified, but the plaintiffs at least have a case. Remembering the utter failure of Lowell to do anything like justice to the poet of "*Atalanta*," we feared lest his latest successor might exhibit the same sort of spiritual blindness. On the other hand, there stood Mr. Woodberry's record as a lover of Shelley, and to share the inspiration of Shelley is to have the franchise of the poetic kingdom of heaven. We recalled, moreover, certain of Mr. Woodberry's earlier poems which distinctly showed the mark of the Swinburnian influence.

Considered thus in its *a priori* aspect, the question of what the critic would have to say about the greatest of living poets seemed a little doubtful, but whatever misgivings we may have felt were soon dispelled. The words set at the head of this article were alone sufficient for that purpose, and they were found to be supplemented by many others which left no doubt concerning the writer's sympathies. Such words, for example, are these: "Strength is dominant in his genius: the things of strength are in his verse; it is English genius and English strength,

racial in lyric power, in free intellect, in bold speech,—none more so—and English also in its poetic scholarly tradition.” And besides these general appraisements, there are such specific dicta as the following: “The stream of his revolutionary song is unmatched in volume, splendour, and force; it has flowed life-long, and still wells; it is blended of many loves of persons and histories and memories, of time and of eternity; it is a great passion, great in personal intensity, great in its human outreaching and uplifting aspiration, great in sincerity.” “He achieves the most genuine appearance of belief in the gods that has fallen to the fortune of any English poet, perhaps of any poet in any modern literature.” “Such poetry [as ‘Tristram’] brings back that early world in which old Triton blew his wreathed horn, and not in a vision only, but as the everlasting life of nature and man.”

Wordsworth
In view of the grotesque misconception of Mr. Swinburne's poetry that is still current with a large section of the public, the critic who deals honestly and intelligently with him is under bonds, as it were, to cast his gauntlet boldly in the face of ignorance and prejudice. This Mr. Woodberry does without hesitation. “He is a very thoughtful poet” is his simple but adequate correction of the stupid notion that the author of “Hertha” and “The Last Oracle” is a poet of sound without sense. Those who condemn the poet for exaggeration, whether in praise of Hugo or censure of Louis Napoleon, will do well to weigh the counter-opinion that his study of Hugo belongs to “a treasure of intuitive criticism such as no other English poet has left,” and the characterization of the “Diræ” as “curses to rejoice the heart,” which “mark their victims indelibly for hell.” Mr. Woodberry says with entire truth that criticism of this poet hitherto “has never been adequate, just, or intelligent.” “The truth about him is the exact opposite of what has been widely and popularly thought; weakness, affectation, exotic foreignness, the traits of æstheticism in the debased sense of that word, are far from him; he is strong, he is English, bred with an European mind it is true like Shelley, like Gray and Milton, but in his own genius and temperament and the paths of his flight charged with the strength of England.”

Such statements as these clear the air wonderfully. They are inspired criticism; and Mr. Swinburne has been the victim of so much criticism (if it deserve the name) of the dull and uninspired sort that its drone still lingers in our

ears. Sound and fury, debased sensualism, vacuity of thought—these are honestly supposed by many well-meaning people to be the essential attributes of his work. Sound and fury, and we think of the severe and tempered style of “Mary Stuart”; debased sensualism, and we recall the austere idealism of “The Pilgrims”; vacuity of thought, and we wonderingly repeat the deep gnomic utterances of “Hertha” and “The Last Oracle”! But of course the people who use these glib phrases are either unacquainted with the poet's really significant work, or they are to be reckoned among the unfortunates who are impervious to the appeal of pure poetry. This latter class is a larger one than is commonly suspected, for there are great numbers of readers everywhere who think and say that they love poetry, when what really attracts and impresses them is some adventitious quality that has little to do with poetical character. The comfortable conservatism of a Wordsworth, the domestic sentimentality of a Tennyson, the cryptic moralizing of a Browning, bring to the works of these poets a host of admiring readers who mistake for æsthetic satisfaction the delight with which they greet the echo of their own sentiments or prejudices.

We are not saying that these three are not great poets, for that they unquestionably are; but we are asserting with much confidence that they would be no less great as poets were their writings divested of nearly everything that makes an appeal to nine-tenths of their admirers. They would lose their popularity, no doubt, and become merely poets for poets, and for the small minority of those others who, without possessing for themselves the creative faculty, are still of the elect whose spirits are finely touched to fine issues, and whose cumulative verdict determines the final rank of every poet in the hierarchy. Landor is one of the greatest English poets despite his failure to win popular applause; Mr. Swinburne is one of the great English poets despite all the efforts of the “horny-eyed” to prove that he is not by their damnable iteration of catchpenny phrases. Mr. Woodberry, himself a poet of distinction, sees this fact clearly enough, and gives abundant reasons for the faith that is in him. It is a fact, moreover, that has already been seen by nearly all the competent critics of the present generation, which is equivalent to saying that the only contemporary judgment which will count in the ultimate reckoning has already ranged itself upon the side of those who have, through good

and ill report, acclaimed Mr. Swinburne's genius, and found his work to exhibit, in very high degree, the qualities of artistic expression, of intellectual stimulus, and of ethical inspiration. To quote Mr. Woodberry's simple closing words, "there are, in the wide world, here and there a few — a number that will increase ever with passing generations, and is even now perhaps manifold greater than the poet knows — in whose hearts his poetry is lodged with power."

COMMUNICATION.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BOOK ADVERTISING.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The question of the advertising of books has recently become one of interest, through discussion in the literary journals, and the opinions and experiences made public have been of considerable value. THE DIAL has expressed itself soundly on the subject, especially in the issue of December 1.

It occurs to me that the consideration of the general question of the proper methods to be followed in the advertising of books has not been placed upon a foundation as broad as it may profitably be placed. THE DIAL asks this question: "Do the principles that apply to the advertising of shoes apply also to the advertising of books?" If the question had been, Are the methods that are found effective in the advertising of shoes adequate for the advertising of books? there would be no ground for an argument dissenting from the propositions laid down in THE DIAL article; or, at least, the intelligent reader would have recognized the logical force of the conclusions drawn from such a premise. But the principles that underlie advertising apply with equal force to all advertising, whether of shoes or of books. It is because the discussion of advertising does not, in this case and usually, consider principles that confusion often results. The student of advertising recognizes the fact that it is the confusion of principles with methods that leads to nearly all the differences of opinion existing with respect to advertising, is at the bottom of much of the futile discussion, and is responsible for the differing views expressed by those who have recently written upon the subject. The failure to discriminate between principles and methods accounts also for a majority of the failures in advertising, and for a large proportion of the unprofitable margins recognized as the result of even what are known to be on the whole successful campaigns.

While it is an old shibboleth of advertisers that there are no well-defined principles underlying advertising, considered scientifically, it is beginning to be recognized that that shibboleth is merely an expression of ignorance rather than a demonstrable proposition. It is quite true that as yet there has been no definitive and authoritative formulation of the principles that underlie advertising, but there is steadily accumulating a mass of material which will soon make such formulation possible. To those students of the question who have carefully followed the work of the psychologists in several of the American, English, German, and

French universities, it is already evident that enough has been uncovered relative to the workings of the human mind to form a basis for at least an intelligent discussion of what those principles are, and to indicate with some degree of certainty the chief lines upon which a fundamental credo of advertising must be constructed.

It is in the nature of a fascinating recreation to examine the work of the professors of psychology, for the purpose of discovering therein those habits and tendencies of the mind that may be appealed to by advertising, and which may be relied upon to come into some degree of activity when the sympathetic suggestion arouses them. As it would be too long a process carefully to indicate what has been established bearing upon this advertising problem, in this brief note, may I be allowed to affirm that the work of the psychologists, as revealed in the printed reports of several universities and in their writings, suggests to me that all advertising depends for its power upon three broad qualities, which may be defined as *attraction*, *suggestion*, and *assertion*. The quality of attraction must arrest the eye of a reader who may not be conscious of any desire to read the advertisement; the quality of suggestion must come into play the instant the eye is arrested, and carry the reader's attention along the line of sequence to the assertion, which is the final vital element of the advertisement — the argument and appeal which furnishes to the reader the purchasing motive. The effective advertisement must attract the eye, suggest something by its most obvious printed expression, and assert the full force of its argument by that to which its attractive and suggestive elements induce attention.

This progressive influence of the advertisement has been pretty well established by the experiments and investigations of the psychologists. It is easy to conceive that there are many members going to the composition of each of these elements. That of attraction, for example, involves some most interesting new facts that have been recently discovered in optics; or, more exactly, in relation to the action and capacity of the eye in the act of reading. Certain forms of type are more willingly noted by the eye than other forms. A certain number of printed letters is taken cognizance of at one "fixation" of the eye — one glance, or without a movement to bring other groups into focus. Lines within certain definite limits of length are easily read, while those that are longer subject the eye to a strain that it resents. The form of the advertisement, considered as an object intended to please and attract, must be in accord with the artistic principles of composition — balance, proportion, harmony, color, etc. The psychological elements of the two remaining qualities of the advertisement — suggestion and assertion — are more complex and varied, and would require much space to state them. They are of more final importance than those psychological elements I have named as being inherent in the advertising quality of attraction, and therefore may make a more emphatic appeal for the attention of the student.

I think it will appear evident to any one who gives the matter thought that the principles affecting advertising are universal in their application, equally operative in shoe advertising and book advertising. The methods of applying these principles differ. It is too often the fact that no attention is given to the principles, and none too much to the methods. The trouble with much current book advertising is that it seeks to

appeal to people who are not interested in books. The merchandising of books is a problem by itself. Once a year — at the holiday season — books are sold as merchandise. The stress of the requirements of the season drives many people to the book-counter, where they buy books for presents, with little thought or concern for the literary contents. At other times books are sold as literature, and there is nothing to justify advertising attempts to sell them on other grounds. How to reach the small proportion of book-buyers existing in the mass of the people, is the problem the publisher has to consider. It is a question of method, not of principle.

I think that it must be admitted that the relative proportion of book-buyers has steadily increased since progressive publishers began the policy of advertising in mediums having general circulations, such as the better class of newspapers. It is certain that there are potential book-buyers, many of them, among newspaper readers. It is not my belief that the publishers who have done good general advertising have suffered therefor. In looking the field over, without special preparation, it seems apparent that nearly all of the large publishing houses — those supposed to be financially strong, and successful with their books — are liberal users of advertising space in the better newspapers.

The reason for the inefficiency of book advertising, if it is more inefficient than other advertising, does not seem to me to lie in the choice of mediums so much as in the methods employed in preparing the advertising. The great bulk of book advertising appeals only to such resolute buyers as are determined to seek out books to minister to their developed and acknowledged literary appetites. It is not calculated either to create a literary taste or to arouse a dormant literary appetite. And, after all, the object of book advertising is to promote the sale of books, not merely to notify book lovers where they can obtain satisfaction.

GEORGE FRENCH.

Boston, Mass., December 20, 1905.

MESSRS. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce that they have just completed arrangements with The University Press of Cambridge, Mass., for the publication, in conjunction with Mr. John Murray of London, of a work of more than ordinary interest. This is Molmenti's "Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic," now appearing in Italy under the imprint of the Instituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche. The author, Signor Pompeo Molmenti, a senator at Rome, is a gentleman of high social standing, and the leading historical writer in Italy at the present time. The translator is to be Mr. Horatio F. Brown, himself an authority on Venice, whose books on that city, and the distinguished position he has held there for nearly twenty years as "British Archivist," have won for him the reputation of knowing more about Venice than any other living Englishman. The work will be issued in three sections of two volumes each, the first entitled "Venice in the Middle Ages," the second "Venice in the Golden Age," and the third "The Decadence of Venice." Each volume will contain forty full-page plates and a frontispiece in full color printed in Italy. The volumes will be distinguished typographically by being printed in the beautiful Italian type cut by Bodoni, which the University Press has just revived. Besides the library edition, there will be an edition on Italian handmade paper, with the illustrations printed on Japanese vellum.

The New Books.

CHARLES LAMB'S LATEST BIOGRAPHER.*

To have at last a full portrayal by a loving hand of "the most lovable figure in English literature" is cause for no small congratulation. Mr. Edward V. Lucas's eleven hundred octavo pages, with their many portraits and other illustrations, give not only an elaborate life of Lamb, but an almost equally detailed account of his *alter ego*, Mary Lamb, and very full sketches of the friends with whom he talked and walked, drank a convivial glass, and cracked a harmless joke.

That the biography is constructed after the most modern methods, as compared with Talfourd's, Barry Cornwall's, and all previous lives of Lamb, its very length and general appearance sufficiently indicate. The care and skill with which references to persons and places have been hunted down, and all available sources of information explored, become increasingly manifest as one turns the pages and notes the frequency and fulness of quoted matter. In a final and authoritative life, to accompany the same author's scholarly edition of Lamb's works, this is as it should be, although the man of little leisure might prefer a shorter, more fluently narrative treatment of the theme, with fewer insertions of autobiographic matter from the easily accessible Letters and Essays. In other words, as Mr. Lucas has shown himself to be the ideal editor and annotator in his recently published seven-volume edition of Lamb's works, so here he demonstrates his unequalled qualifications as a compiler of all discoverable material bearing on the life-history of his chosen author. The method adopted was the best for the purpose in view; and as the chief charm of all previous accounts of the inimitable Elia has been due to the more or less of self-portrayal introduced into their pages, so here again the chapters that most delight are those wherein Lamb himself has been allowed, with least of editorial assistance, to tell his own story. To Mary Lamb also, to Crabb Robinson, Leigh Hunt, the Cowden Clarkes, Hazlitt, Coleridge, De Quincey, N. P. Willis, John Wilson, and countless other contemporaries of Lamb, we are made debtors for a touch here and a stroke there toward the completion of the full-length portrait. Letters hitherto unavailable for such uses have been drawn upon for still further

*THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. By E. V. LUCAS. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

finishing touches to this careful likeness, and the final impression is one of unsurpassable completeness. Not that other and shorter studies, like those of Canon Ainger and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, will henceforth be superfluous; but the prosecution of research can hardly be carried beyond the point now reached, nor is it likely to be attempted.

Without too much poking about in the genealogical dustbins, the biographer introduces us briefly and pleasantly to honest John Lamb and his little family at No. 2 Crown Office Row, and to the excellent Samuel Salt, Benchet of the Inner Temple, to whom the elder Lamb acted as assistant and servant. All that relates to Charles Lamb's education at Christ's Hospital is of course faithfully reproduced from the Letters and the Essays, with additional information from various sources. To show with what painstaking devotion to detail the biographer has executed his task, let us call attention to the table (an enviably long one) of holidays which the blue-coat boys enjoyed a century and a quarter ago, and which Mr. Lucas sets down in chronological order to give the reader a realizing sense of the frequency with which our little pupil from the Temple must have trotted back and forth 'twixt parent and pedagogue. Sundry bits of information, even as to the hebdomadal bill of fare and the hours of bedgoing and uprising, are gleaned from Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, themselves likewise wearers of the blue coat. Another noteworthy Christ's-Hospitaller was Charles Valentine Le Grice, a wit and punster dear to Lamb's heart, who at Talfourd's request wrote out some reminiscences of his famous schoolfellow. A passage from his pen is worth quoting here as recalling some of the peculiar circumstances that helped to determine Charles Lamb's character.

"Lamb was an amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his schoolfellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness. His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport. The description which he gives, in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' of

the habits and feelings of the schoolboy, is a true one in general, but is more particularly a delineation of himself — the feelings were all in his own heart — the portrait was his own: 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances: he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister, and this was all the change his young mind ever knew."

On the subject of Lamb's romantic passion for "Alice W——" Mr. Lucas offers the following:

"To come back to Lamb, whom we left on February 8, 1792, laying down his pen in the Examiner's office at the South-Sea House for the last time and returning home with his earnings. Whether or not he had heard of the opening for him at the East India House, I cannot say; but he did not enter that company's employ until April 5th, two months later. To this we come shortly. At the present moment there is a more romantic topic for consideration, for my impression is that Lamb filled part at least of the interval by visiting his grandmother, and at the same time began to cherish affection for the girl whom he afterward called Alice W——, but who is thought to have been Ann Simmons of Blenheims, near Blakesware. My reasons for believing this to be the case are, (1) that on April 5, 1792, he passed into harness from which he never escaped, except for annual holidays — at first, probably, very brief ones — or single days when he could not have reached Widford; and (2) that Mrs. Field died in August, 1792, thus closing Blakesware to her grandchildren. We have no knowledge of any other friends with whom Lamb could have stayed after her death, while it is hardly likely that so young a clerk could have afforded to stay at Mr. Clementson's inn at Widford, except very occasionally."

A phase of Lamb's inner self that is seldom dwelt upon has to do with his religious or more properly his theological beliefs, so far as he had any fixed belief. In later life, as his biographer remarks, his religion ceased to be articulate and became merged in conduct; "but in his twenty-first year his interest in Priestley and his Unitarian and fatalistic creed was intense," writes Mr. Lucas; and still further: "To the end, I think, although this point is a little vague, Lamb remained nominally a Unitarian, a profession of faith to which probably he was first led by his Aunt Hetty (a constant attendant at the Essex Street chapel), and in which he was fortified by Coleridge." In one of Lamb's earlier letters to Coleridge he writes: "I have seen Priestley. I love to see his name repeated in your writings. I love and honour him almost profanely."

The tragical event of Lamb's young manhood receives of course full treatment. But in spite of calamity and grief one must push on and fulfill one's destiny; and Lamb's destiny, as we are assured, was to write. In the November following that awful 21st September, 1796, his

interest in writing had revived, and he sent to Coleridge the fragments of verse that he wished to have printed with his friend's poems and dedicated to his sister. Thenceforward he turned more and more to authorship for solace. As to the adoption of the famous and often mispronounced pseudonym, a letter from Lamb to John Taylor the publisher, written in July, 1821, contains the following pertinent passage:

"Having a brother now there [at the South-Sea House], and doubting how he might relish certain descriptions in it [the essay on the South-Sea House], I clapt down the name of Elia to it, which passed off pretty well, for Elia himself added the function of an author to that of a scrivener, like myself. . . . I went the other day (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me."

In the adoption of a pseudonym Mr. Lucas finds a possible explanation of "the difference between the comparative thinness of Lamb's pre-Elia writings and the Elia richness and colour." For, he adds, "there are some writers (paradoxical though it seems) who can never express themselves so freely as when, adopting a dramatic standpoint, they affect to be some one else." And a similarity in this respect is traced between Goldsmith and Lamb. In both writers the innocent imposture served to fortify a feeble courage and overcome a natural diffidence. Before dropping this subject, it is interesting to note a remark once made by Lamb himself, that "Elia" forms an anagram of "a lie."

Among matters of not the first importance, the whole story of Coleridge's quarrel with Lloyd, in which Lamb was somewhat involved, and which has already been related in Mr. Lucas's "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," is rather tiresomely repeated here. Yet it need not be regarded as a total waste of printer's ink, so sweetly unquarrelsome by natural temperament does Lamb appear through it all. Even Scotchmen, with whom he professes to entertain "imperfect sympathies," he cannot roundly vituperate when he tries. Contrast Carlyle's unfortunate characterization of Lamb, harshly abusive and opulent in epithet, with these gentle strictures from Elia's pen on Carlyle's countrymen:

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me — and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. . . . The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in

their growth — if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. . . . His understanding is always at its meridian — you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. — He has no falterings of self-suspicion."

From some recollections of Lamb by Mr. J. Fuller-Robinson, published forty years ago in "The Guardian," we quote the following as given in Mr. Lucas's pages:

"I was admitted into a small and pleasantly shaded parlour. The modest room was hung round with fine engravings by Hogarth, in dark frames. Books and magazines were scattered on the table, and on the old-fashioned window-seat. I chatted awhile with Miss Lamb — a meek, intelligent, very pleasant, and rather deaf, elderly lady. . . . 'Elia' came in soon after — a short, thin man. His dress was black — a capacious coat, knee-breeches, and gaiters, and he wore a white neck-handkerchief. His head was remarkably fine, and his dark and shaggy hair and eyebrows, heated face, and very piercing jet-black eyes gave to his appearance a singularly wild and striking expression. The sketch of him in *Fraser's Magazine* gives a true idea of his figure, but no portrait, I am sure, could do justice to his splendid countenance. He grasped me cordially by the hand, sat down, and taking a bottle from a cupboard behind him, mixed some rum-and-water. On another occasion, his sister objected to this operation, and he refrained. Presently after, he said, 'May I have a little drop now, only a *teetle drop*?' 'No, be a good boy.' At last he prevailed, and took his draught."

And so on, with much more that is well worth picturing out before one's mind's eye.

Like so many of his countrymen, Lamb won popularity in America before he had become popular in England. His "Essays of Elia" had little vogue among English readers until long after the writer's death, whereas in America, as Mr. Lucas says, they so pleased the public on their first appearance here in 1828 that the publishers, Carey, Lea and Carey, of Philadelphia, hastened to issue a second series of their own compiling, wherein they generously included, along with selections from Lamb, three essays from the pens of Allan Cunningham and Barry Cornwall. N. P. Willis, in talking with Lamb in 1834, found that this American success had gratified the English essayist not a little, and that he was well pleased with the Second Series, despite the error in its compilation.

The modest and judicious suppression of self which Mr. Lucas has exercised in the accomplishment of his task is deserving of praise. The fitting word is supplied at need, but he has wisely refrained from emulating those long-winded orators who make their introduction of a visiting celebrity the occasion for self-display. The four "Appendices," on the "Portraits

of Lamb," "Lamb's Commonplace Books," "Lamb's Books," and "John Lamb's 'Poetical Pieces,'" are full of interest; but of equal value with any of these, and more valuable than the last, would have been a Lamb bibliography, especially since neither the preface nor the body of the book makes perfectly clear exactly what and how much new material has been drawn upon in the present work.

A few slight errors of execution, amid so much excellence of design, may be noted for correction in a second edition. "The late Mrs. Coe, born Elizabeth Hunt of Wiford," and "Mrs. Augustus DeMorgan, born Sophia Frend," attract attention as examples of extraordinary parental prevision. Uncertainty as to sex, if no other reason, commonly acts as a hindrance to the pre-natal christening of offspring. "Few journalists but he" grates on the grammatical ear. The first page of Appendix II. tells us that "the best of all Lamb's commonplace books has been printed — the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*"; but the very next page declares on the other hand that "the best of Lamb's commonplace books is the large-paper copy of Holcroft's *Travels*." A curious instance of mis-copying or misprinting, whereby the exact opposite of the intended sense is conveyed, occurs in a passage from a letter to Wordsworth descriptive of the guileless and lovable George Dyer. "But with envy, they [the gods] excited curiosity also," is what we read. The original letter, as edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, has "excided" instead of "excited." Other slips are met with, probably mere typographical errors for the most part. The index to this work is unusually exhaustive, filling fifty-eight closely-printed double-column pages, and the illustrations are of more than passing interest.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY IN ITS BEGINNINGS.*

The *raison d'être* of Dr. Hill's "History of Diplomacy," as given by the author in his preface, is that, although special questions and particular periods of diplomatic history have been ably presented, no general history of European diplomacy exists in any language. At the outset the author was confronted with two practical problems of no small moment. The

first arose out of the vast field of research presented by the archives now at the command of the investigator. The second was to determine the proper point of departure. Dr. Hill cannot accept the Peace of Westphalia as the starting point of diplomacy, but rather it must be regarded as the result of long preparation.

Accepting this view, Dr. Hill begins his story with a description of the organization of Europe under the old Roman Empire. The system of government is described at some length because it furnished the model for the organization of the church, which was the next power to aim at universality. Even amid all the confusion of the Barbarian invasions this idea of universal empire never lost its hold upon the imagination of thinking men. The significance of the so-called fall of the empire (476 A. D.) lies in this, "that it serves to fix in the mind the substitution of local and racial authority in western Europe in place of the waning influence of universal imperial rule." It separates the period of the old Empire from that long period of change and effort to secure order through the organization of the Barbarian kingdoms, the revived Empire, feudalism, the influence of the church, which finally resulted in the great national states of modern times.

One of the most interesting studies in European history is the birth of the modern states and their realization of nationality through a slow and painful process. The idea of universal empire had so dominated the world that the new idea had a desperate fight for existence. The old idea did not perish in a day, with the fall of Rome; for some time longer the West felt itself a part of the Empire which centered about Byzantium. To be outside the Empire was to be outside the pale of civilization. With such unity there could be no real field for diplomacy. But gradually the feeling of real unity became less strong. The East looked down upon the West as barbarian, and religious differences became more and more accentuated. The headship of Rome in religion was now asserted, and the Pope claimed the supremacy for himself over all the orthodox West, and at times even asserted it over the Arian heretics of the East.

But even this claim was not put forth in its entirety all at once. It arose somewhat gradually from the actual condition of things. For a time the Pope remained at least the nominal subject of the eastern Empire, but soon became the only effective authority in Italy. Finally, when Leo III. put his ban upon image worship in Rome, opposition broke out into open rebel-

* A HISTORY OF DIPLOMACY IN THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. Volume I. The Struggle for Universal Empire. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

lion. Papal diplomacy now had its birth in the policy of Gregory II., who wished neither to destroy the Lombard power, when Liutprand was seeking to unite Italy in one kingdom, nor to annihilate the influence of the Emperor, but rather to increase his own prestige by playing off the one against the other. As the interest and power of the eastern Emperor decreased in the west a substitute had to be provided to check the Lombards, and this Gregory III. found in Pepin, King of the Franks. This marks the first instance of interference in Italian affairs by a northern prince, — a practice followed thereafter for centuries, to the detriment of both nations. The Pope was seeking to establish his own temporal rule in Italy, and in so doing inaugurated a policy which was a strong barrier to national growth. It was not until more than half a century after the last of the phantom emperors that Germany and Italy realized national unity.

The usurpation of the imperial chair by a woman, Irene, gave a fitting opportunity to revive the empire in the west. Disorder had become chronic in Italy. In the hope of securing a power capable of curing this, the Pope crowned Charlemagne on Christmas day, 800, and invested him with the diadem of the Cæsars, only it was now the "Holy Roman Empire." But herein were sown the seeds of a long and bitter contest, — the struggle for supremacy between the Empire and the Papacy. Should the Popes be allowed to make and unmake temporal rulers, or should they be subject to the civil power? Along with this went the great question as to whether the world empire should live again, or whether great states should develop along national lines.

One thing which boded well for the growth of nationalities was the custom of dividing kingdoms by inheritance, like so much real estate. After the death of Charlemagne his great empire was divided up. After a contest among his heirs, diplomacy was called into play, and an arrangement effected at Verdun which Dr. Hill thinks "the most important international document ever written" in its influence upon European history. On the west was a territory of tolerable geographic and ethnic unity which was soon to develop into the powerful state of France; on the east the territory of the later Germany. In between, the kingdom of the Emperor Lothaire stretched from Holland to Rome, possessing neither ethnic nor geographic unity. Upon the death of Lothaire his uncles of the east and west divided up his inheritance

and began to court the favor of the Pope for the imperial dignity.

It is not to be presumed that Rome was an indifferent spectator to these struggles. Even her own citizens were divided, some contending for the civic freedom of the city, others for the supremacy of the Pope, and still others for the supremacy of the Emperor. As a result, Italy was the scene of disorder after the coronation of Charles the Bold. There the conflict of authority was sharpest. The whole story of Italian politics was summed up in an epigram by the Bishop of Cremona, — "The Italians always wish to have two masters, in order to hold each of them in check by the other." In attempting to follow this principle for the conservation of its own power, the papacy sometimes gained, but often fell a victim to the general anarchy.

Passing over the greater part of this struggle, it is interesting to come to the appearance of Venice on the scene as practically marking the birth of modern diplomacy. There, in May, 1177, met "the first European congress in which independent civic communities had ever freely represented their own rights in the presence of princes — the prototype of the great international congresses of a later time." Venice was careful to select men of eminent qualification to represent her interests, to instruct them in the arts of diplomacy, and consequently soon became "the school and touchstone of ambassadors." Secrecy and urbanity were the cardinal principles of Venetian diplomacy, and this system was soon to be put in practice by all the Italian states, the numerous city-states so heterogeneous in character and inspired by motives so diverse. Each city within itself was the seat of intrigue, owing to the mutually hostile elements of tradesmen, artisans, the official aristocracy, and the feudal nobles whose swords threatened the population in the streets. The espionage and intrigue of partisans within the city were extended to the relations with neighboring cities. "To know the intentions of one's neighbor, to defeat his hostile designs, to form alliances with his enemies, to steal away his friends, and to prevent his union with others, became matters of the highest public interest. Less costly than war, diplomacy now, in large measure, superseded it with plot and counter-plot." And when these failed, the foreigner was called in to increase the general complication.

Out of this system was born the conception of "equilibrium" as a necessity of defense. The transitory alliances and counter-alliances of the Italian princes and republics give us the real

"prototype and epitome of what all Europe was soon to become upon a grander scale." The natural correlate of all this would have been a code of public law to regulate the intercourse of these states with each other, but such a thing was not yet possible. The moral sense did not demand it, but its birth was witnessed on the sea, where the demands of commerce made it imperative. The customs of the sea were reduced to writing in the "Tables of Amalfi," which later gave place to the "Consolato de Mare"—the "first example of law international among the nations of Europe."

Such in its larger outlines is the story Dr. Hill has told in his first volume. In reality it contains a great deal of matter which has only a very remote connection with diplomacy. If it were really new, it might be justified as necessary to a proper understanding of the main theme, but a great deal of it is not new, and indeed may be found in the ordinary text-books on European history. Despite the formidable array of sources and authorities cited at the end of each chapter, the work does not impress one as making any really noteworthy contribution to historical knowledge. It is valuable, however, for bringing into one view the larger facts of the period treated, and emphasizing their influence upon the growth of national states. Much may be expected of the succeeding volumes, which will deal with a period when diplomacy was coming into its own.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

THE DOYEN OF ENGLISH NATURALISTS.*

The Victorian age, whatever its shortcomings, will always be remembered for the brilliancy of its scientific achievements. What the twentieth century may have in store for us, it is too early to predict; but it is difficult to believe that anything will be accomplished more important for intellectual progress than the establishment of the doctrine of evolution on a scientific basis. This great work is justly credited to Darwin, but with his name must always be linked that of Wallace, who independently thought out the theory on which Darwin's work is based.

Dr. Wallace occupies a unique position among scientific men. Born in 1823, he has not only witnessed great changes in scientific opinion, but has had a large share in bringing them about. Living most of his life in comparative

isolation, and never being tied down as many men are by professional or official custom and etiquette, he has always been recognized as an independent. Orthodoxy is not peculiar to the church; it is a tendency common to all organizations, and in a large measure necessary for their continuance. At the same time, it is a perpetual obstacle to progress, and the heterodox are the true prophets of the dawn. Dr. Wallace has lived to see part of his once heterodox opinions become orthodox, while others are still rejected by the majority as unworthy of consideration. Consequently, to the ordinary "well-behaved" scientist, he seems to be a sort of double personality, a mixture of genius and absurdity.

In the case of any man of great intellectual power, it is not to be expected that all his opinions will be justified by subsequent knowledge. Darwin was undoubtedly in error in respect to certain matters; and presumably the same will have to be said of Wallace. But this should not blind us for a moment to the immense service performed, or should we hastily assume that the opinion of the day is correct. I recall a little matter which well illustrates Dr. Wallace's power of reasoning, and at the same time the shortsightedness of naturalists. Some fifteen years ago there was in preparation a new edition of "Island Life," in which Dr. Wallace discussed the animals of the British Islands, and argued that there ought to be some species and varieties peculiar to Britain. Lists of supposed peculiar forms were prepared, but zoölogists and botanists were alike skeptical. Some were "probably not distinct," others "would certainly be found on the continent." The general attitude was one of incredulity or even contempt. Since that time, however, particular groups have been studied much more carefully than ever before (following the methods introduced by certain American naturalists), and although it is true that some of the kinds formerly listed must be stricken out, a whole series of insular forms has been detected among the mammals, which were supposed to be "perfectly known"! Only last year, even, a very distinct new species of mouse was recorded. Dr. Wallace has thus been justified beyond his expectations, and when the same careful methods are applied to the whole of the British fauna and flora, the results will no doubt be such as would make the orthodox nineteenth-century naturalist stare.

I refer to this matter, because I have some personal knowledge of it, and because it shows

*MY LIFE. A Record of Events and Opinions. By Alfred Russel Wallace. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

how facts which are perfectly evident when brought to light, may remain undiscovered beneath our very noses.

Probably the most objectionable of Dr. Wallace's opinions, in the eyes of orthodox science, are those relative to spiritualism. Without knowing anything particular about the matter, most people will exhaust their language of abuse upon this subject. Those scientific men who reject the whole body of evidence are proclaimed as sound of mind, though their methods of research may have been such as would be called ridiculous if applied to any other subject. Those who become convinced that there is something not explained by known "laws of nature" are held to have "a screw loose somewhere," though they may be known masters in research, such as Crookes, Oliver Lodge, William James, and Wallace. It is perfectly evident, and thoroughly recognized by all those who have given much attention to the matter, that the laws governing spiritual existence cannot at present be defined. It is held that the "supernatural" is as "natural" as anything else, but it is confessedly difficult to comprehend. Some day, perhaps, there will arise a Darwin of spiritualism, who will put the whole subject on an intelligible basis; and then it will be seen that we were groping in the dark before like the pre-Darwinian evolutionists.

It will be clear to the reader that the life of such a man as Wallace cannot fail to be of surpassing interest. Like Herbert Spencer, he has chosen to present it to us in considerable detail, and with absolute frankness. In it, we trace the development of generalizations from apparently trivial beginnings, and are presented with a picture of past times, which seem now so remote as to be almost prehistoric. There is a good deal of matter in the book which does not strike one as being particularly valuable or important; but on the other hand, the variety of subjects discussed, and the wide human interests of the author, cause it to appeal to a far larger circle than the usual biography of a man engaged in the investigation of technical matters. The splendid courage and honesty exhibited cannot fail to be inspiring, even to those who do not agree with the views advocated. They teach a lesson which is sorely needed by the present generation, with its altogether too slavish subservience to the powers that be. It is interesting to find that with all this, there went a shyness and timidity in the presence of others, which was never quite overcome. In discussing certain humiliating and ill-suited punish-

ments of childhood, attention is called to the right of each individual to have his personality respected, even in blame. It is remarked that this is far better recognized in China and Japan than with us.

"With them this principle is taught from childhood, and pervades every class of society, while with us it was only recognized by the higher classes, and by them rarely extended to inferiors or to children. The feeling that demands this recognition is certainly strong in many children, and those who have suffered under the failure of their elders to respect it, can well appreciate the agony of shame endured by the more civilized Eastern peoples, whose feelings are so often outraged by the total absence of all respect shown them by their European masters or conquerors. In thus recognizing the sanctity of this deepest of human feelings these people manifest a truer phase of civilization than we have attained to. Even savages often surpass us in this respect." (Vol. 1, p. 62.)

The author's travels in South America and the Malay Archipelago are not described at great length, because he long ago published books about them. The best part of his South American collection was lost through the burning of the ship on the homeward voyage, of which a graphic account is given. Only some drawings of palms and fishes were saved; the latter have recently been examined by a specialist, and it turns out that many of the species have never been obtained again to this day. A short chapter is devoted to the memory of H. E. Wallace, a brother of Dr. Wallace, who went out to Brazil to assist him in his work, and died of yellow fever at Para. Herbert Wallace was not a naturalist, but was very fond of writing verse, and several of his productions are printed. In one of them we find the lines:

"For here upon the Amazon
The dread mosquito bites —
Inflames the blood with fever," etc.

At that time, of course, it was wholly unknown that the mosquito carried the germ of yellow fever; but these lines seem curiously prophetic.

The journey to the Malay region was more successful from every point of view. The materials obtained were enormous, including almost innumerable new species. Some of the insects have not been described yet, from the lack of specialists to study them.

Although Darwin and Wallace might have been considered rivals, the fact that they had independently worked out the same theory never led to anything but warm friendship between them. Each always tried to give the fullest credit to the other, and Wallace called his book on the theory of evolution "Darwinism." Stress has sometimes been laid on the fact that Wallace disagreed with Darwin about several matters;

these are discussed fully in the *Life*, but it is shown that they were insignificant in comparison with the great and fundamental agreement. Darwin's last letter to Dr. Wallace is given, and the latter adds this interesting comment:

"This letter is to me, perhaps, the most interesting I ever received from Darwin, since it shows that it was only the engrossing interests of his scientific and literary work, performed under the drawback of almost constant ill-health, that prevented him from taking a more active part in the discussion of those social and political questions that so deeply affect the lives and happiness of the great bulk of the people. It is a great satisfaction that his last letter to me, written within nine months of his death, and terminating a correspondence which had extended over a quarter of a century, should be so cordial, so sympathetic, and broad-minded." (Vol. 2, p. 15.)

In 1886-7 Dr. Wallace visited America, travelling from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He gives a full account of his experiences, with many observations on matters biological and sociological. I should like to quote his conclusions at some length, but it is impossible in a short notice. While enthusiastically admiring the grandeur and beauty of the Rocky Mountains, the Californian Sierras, and other regions, and fully appreciating the good qualities of America and Americans, he deplores the spread of sordid commercialism, and the way in which man has in so many places destroyed the beauty of nature. The same is true in England, he says: "Both countries are creating ugliness, both are destroying beauty; but in America it is done on a larger scale and with a more hideous monotony" (p. 193.)

The book is well illustrated; but one cannot help wishing that instead of some of the plates which have little to do with the narrative, or little intrinsic value, we could have been favored with portraits of some of the great naturalists with whom the author was associated,—such, for instance, as Bates and Spruce.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

STUDIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

The agreeable and informing essays that make up Mr. Gosse's recent volume of "*French Profiles*" are not new. Most of them have appeared in print before, and some of them date back nearly twenty years. But readers of Mr. Gosse's other books and those who had the pleasure of reading these essays on their first appearance will not be disposed to complain that

*FRENCH PROFILES. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

they are now rescued from their hiding places in magazines and reviews and given a more accessible abiding place in a book, as befits their eminently companionable nature. In subject they range all the way from the "*Portuguese Letters*,"—those passionate outpourings of devotion and indignant reproach with which, from her convent at Beja, the abandoned "*Mariana in the South*" pursued the receding footsteps of the conquering and inconstant Marquis de Chamilly, and which came from the press almost at the same moment with the *Tartuffe* of Molière,—to the poetic novelties of the year 1904; and in scope from the full length silhouette, like the studies of Alfred de Vigny, Mademoiselle Aissé, Alphonse Daudet, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Ferdinand Fabre, to the few swift strokes with which a feature or an expression is caught and fixed, as in the pages devoted to Mallarmé, Albert Samain, M. Émile Verhaeren, and M. Paul Fort, or to recent books of M. Paul Bourget, M. Pierre Loti, M. Henri de Régnier, and M. Anatole France. Not the least welcome is the sketch that informs us about the modest (in every sense) beginnings of one of the newest immortals, M. René Bazin; and not the least interesting is the study of the short stories of Zola, in which Mr. Gosse discovers that deep spring of idealism that put on strange disguises in the novels of the Rougon-Macquart series, but asserted itself so clearly in his last works.

In spite of this wide variety of theme and complete lack of sequence and connection between the papers, the resulting book does not lack a certain kind of unity. This results partly from the unfailing qualities of Mr. Gosse's style; and partly from the point of view from which the subject is uniformly regarded, which is the "incomplete and indirect" point of view of "one who paints a face in profile." If the task essayed is thus a modest and restricted one, it is not on that account easy. The two blocks of stumbling are clearly indicated in the preface when Mr. Gosse thus defines his purpose:

"I have tried to preserve that attitude of sympathy, of general comprehension, for the lack of which some English criticism of foreign authors has been valueless, because proceeding from a point of view so far out of focus as to make its whole presentation false; and yet I have remembered that it is a foreigner that takes the portrait, and that it is for a foreign audience, not for a native one.

"What I have sought in every case to do is to give an impression of the figure before me which shall be in general harmony with the tradition of French criticism, but at the same time to preserve that independence which is the right of a foreign observer, and to illustrate the peculiarities of my subject by references to English poetry and prose."

It goes without saying that the programme thus traced is admirably realized. Few men of English speech could bring to its accomplishment so happy a gift of characterization, so engaging a style, so much intelligence and sympathy, so large a stock of precise information, so extended an outlook over the long and wide expanse of modern literature. To what other, indeed, could a committee of discriminating French critics have turned so confidently with the invitation to address the Société des Conférences of Paris on "The Influence of France upon English Poetry"? We should be very ungracious indeed were we to lament that the profiles are not something different, and that if we have made already a first-hand acquaintance with the subjects whom he introduces he does not lead us much further into their intimacy, or throw upon the intricacies and obscurities of their message, if such there be, a more searching illumination. We are glad to take them gratefully as they are, and to feel that in their kind they could hardly be better. Never have the features and expressions of the familiar faces that pass in procession before us been caught more nicely or fixed on canvas more dexterously. And even when those of whom Mr. Gosse discourses are old acquaintances, we shall get something more than an aesthetic pleasure from his companionship. We can hardly listen half an hour to his well-informed talk without receiving manifold instruction. There are even two or three positive additions to the sum of knowledge. Thus, in the study of de Vigny, our knowledge of the extent and promptitude of his response to English influences is enlarged at several points; and in the paper on the "Portuguese Letters" much exact information, drawn from concealment in the papers of a provincial society, is turned to account for establishing the source and original sequence of these letters.

In view of all this it will not detract appreciably from the interest of the general reader who is likely to take up such a volume at all that almost every page betrays the professional bias of the man of letters and of the historian of literature. The men and works observed are viewed in their historical connections, as moments in a changing and developing theory and practice of poetic art. That is inevitable, of course, when Mr. Gosse is dealing with poets like M. Henri de Régnier, Stéphane Mallarmé, or M. Paul Fort, who have been much preoccupied with the technique of their art. But when speaking of de Vigny also he is much interested in the question of his artistic originality

and his relations to the main literary influences of the time. It is as a historian of literature that he insists, with rather too much emphasis, we suspect, on the immediate and great influence of the "Portuguese Letters" on prose style, both in England and in France. It is as a historian again that, by way of preface to his sympathetic sketch of M. René Bazin, he comments with much shrewdness on the "curious condition of the French novel" at the particular moment in question. It is preëminently as the historian of English literature that he appears in the address on "The Influence of France upon English Poetry" which here sees the light for the first time in its original English form. Within the brief limits of such an address no attempt is made, of course, to enumerate all the debts that English poetry owes to France. Mr. Gosse rather tries to distinguish broadly between two different ways in which English literature has borrowed from its neighbor, and the more conspicuous results in each kind.

These two kinds of borrowing are, the one superficial, the other material; the one of "color," the other of "substance." The substantial borrowing is that exemplified by the drama of the Restoration; imitation is gross and slavish, and individuality has been resigned. This is the sign of an unhealthy condition. "These are cases where an exhausted literature, in extreme decay, is kept alive by borrowing its very body and essence from a foreign source." On the other hand the times when a literature takes on a color from a foreign source are likely to be moments of health and vigor. This second manner of influence Mr. Gosse illustrates by the example of the *Roman de la Rose* and the part of the French poets in forming the talent of Chaucer, and again by Pope. The address is suggestive, especially of questions. We find ourselves wondering if literature is really conceived of as a living organism, imposing itself upon the series of individuals that seem to produce it, which would be to out-Brunetière M. Brunetière's evolving literary species. Or is this impression but one of those illusions that the insufficiency of human speech is constantly creating for us? Does Mr. Gosse mean anything more, after all, than that your small talent imitates crudely and slavishly, and your great talent originally and creatively, whether the models be imported or domestic?

Suggestive as the address is, it is not the part of the book that will be most enjoyed, even by those who may have a kind of professional interest in literary history. It is perhaps when

Mr. Gosse is least erudite and draws upon his store of personal reminiscences of men he has known in the body that he is most charming. The brief, fugitive glimpse of Verlaine is delicious, and from this a quotation must be taken.

"It was all excessively amusing [he has been dining with a mixed company of lyrical symbolists at a restaurant of the Latin Quarter], but deep down in my consciousness, tolling like a little bell, there continued to sound the words, 'We have not seen Verlaine.' I was losing all hope, and we were descending the Boulevard, our faces set for home, when two more poets, a male and a female, most amiably hurried to meet us with the intoxicating news that Verlaine had been seen to dart into a little place called the Café Soleil d'Or. Thither we accordingly hied, buoyed up by hope, and our party, now containing a dozen persons (all poets), rushed into an almost empty drinking-shop. But no Verlaine was to be seen. M. Moréas then collected us round a table, and fresh grenadines were ordered.

"Where I sat, by the elbow of M. Moréas, I was opposite an open door, absolutely dark, leading down, by oblique stairs, to a cellar. As I idly watched this square of blackness I suddenly saw some ghostly shape fluttering at the bottom of it. It took the form of a strange bald head, bobbing close to the ground. Although it was so dim and vague, an idea crossed my mind. Not daring to speak, I touched M. Moréas, and so drew his attention to it. 'Pas un mot, pas un geste, Monsieur!' he whispered, and then, instructed in the guile of his race, insidious Danaûs, the eminent author of *Les Cantilènes*, rose, making a vague detour towards the street, and then plunged at the cellar door. There was a prolonged scuffle and a rolling down stairs; then M. Moréas reappeared, triumphant; behind him something flopped up out of the darkness like an owl, — a timid shambling figure in a soft black hat, with jerking hands, and it peeped with intention to disappear again. But there were cries of 'Venez donc, Maître,' and by-and-by Verlaine was persuaded to emerge definitely and to sit by me."

All in all, Mr. Gosse's "French Profiles" is a volume to strengthen the present *entente cordiale* between English and French by contributing towards mutual understanding and appreciation. One or two evidences that our historian's memory is not infallible (as the apparent oversight of Otway's "Titus and Berenice," p. 353), or that, felicitous as his phrase is, he can absent him from felicity on occasion (e. g. "a surprising narrative is well, though extremely leisurely, told," p. 105), do not matter.

ARTHUR G. CANFIELD.

Two important educational books now in preparation by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are a volume of "Selections from Newman," edited by Dr. Maurice Egan, of the Catholic University of Washington; and an edition of Bacon's Essays, with introduction and notes by Miss Mary Augusta Scott, Professor of English Language and Literature, Smith College. Dr. Egan has recently been decorated by King Leopold of Belgium "for distinguished literary merit."

RECENT FICTION.*

"The House of Mirth" appears to be the novel of the season in the sense that it is the novel that has occasioned the most discussion of a serious sort. It is a work which has enlisted the matured powers of a writer whose performance is always distinguished, and whose coupling of psychological insight with the gift of expression is probably not surpassed by any other woman novelist of our time. It is a story elaborated in every detail to a high degree of refinement, and evidently a product of the artistic conscience. Having paid this deserved tribute to its finer characteristics, we are bound to add that it is deficient in interest. The reason is not far to seek. There is no section of American society—or of society anywhere, for that matter—so absolutely devoid of appeal to the sympathies of normally-constituted intelligences as the vain and vulgar element that disports itself in our larger cities as the only society worth considering, this pretension being based upon wealth alone, with its natural accompaniment of self-seeking display and frivolity. A novelist of archangelical powers could not make interesting so sorry a phase of humanity as this, and because Mrs. Wharton has described for us this type and this alone, we turn her pages impatiently, and look in vain for relief from their emptiness. What she can do with real material she has evidenced in "The Valley of Decision," a book that we admire heartily enough to permit us the severity with which we are appraising the content, as distinguished from the form, of the present work. What justification may be offered for the book as a portrayal of any sort of human life is found in the plea of its satiric intent—of its character as an American "Vanity Fair,"—but this will not take us very far. The pungent wickedness of Becky Sharp gives her a reasonable excuse for being, but we cannot find in Lily Bart the positive qualities for either good or evil that make it worth while to follow her fortunes through five hundred and more pages of print. When she

*THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NORTHERNER. By Norah Davis. New York: The Century Co.

LYNETTE AND THE CONGRESSMAN. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

SIR RAOUL. A Tale of the Theft of an Empire. By James M. Ludlow. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

A SWORD OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A Tale of Fort Chartres and Detroit. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

LOSERS' LUCK. By Charles Tenney Jackson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

TWISTED EOLANTINE. By H. B. Marriott Watson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

STARVECROW FARM. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

KIPPS. The Story of a Simple Soul. By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRINCESS PRISCILLA'S FORTNIGHT. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FLUTE OF PAN. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE PROFESSOR'S LEGACY. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

has come to the end of her tether, the moral of her story is embodied in an impressive paragraph.

"It was no longer, however, from the vision of material poverty that she turned with the greatest shrinking. She had a sense of deeper impoverishment—of an inner destitution compared to which outer conditions dwindled into insignificance. It was indeed miserable to be poor—to look forward to a shabby, anxious middle-age, leading by dreary degrees of economy and self-denial to gradual absorption in the dingy communal existence of the boarding-house. But there was something more miserable still—it was the clutch of solitude at her heart, the sense of being swept like a stray uprooted growth down the heedless current of the years. That was the feeling which possessed her now—the feeling of being something rootless and ephemeral, mere spin-drift of the whirling surface of existence, without anything to which the poor little tentacles of self could cling before the awful flood submerged them. And as she looked back she saw that there had never been a time when she had had any real relation to life. Her parents too had been rootless, blown hither and thither on every wind of fashion, without any personal existence to shelter them from its shifting gusts. She herself had grown up without any one spot of earth being dearer to her than another: there was no centre of early pieties, of grave endearing traditions, to which her heart could revert and from which it could draw strength for itself and tenderness for others."

This is so fine and true that it reconciles us in part to the complex of empty talk and petty intrigue and ignoble aim through which, as through a desert waste, we have toiled to reach it. But the question remains persistent whether it was worth while to describe at such length and with such infinite pains the career of any woman of whom it must be said in the end that she had never had any real relation to life. We are much inclined to doubt that it was worth while—for a writer of Mrs. Wharton's exceptional gifts.

"The Northerner," by Miss Norah Davis, is a novel of the new South struggling with the old, of the modern infusion of enterprise into the shiftlessness of the past, of the conflict between rational ideas and crusted prejudice. The protagonist of this conflict is a northern capitalist settled in Alabama as the owner and manager of the street railway and lighting plant of a small town. His ways are not the ways of the natives, and he incurs their hatred. This leads to such unpleasant consequences as social ostracism, underhanded conspiracy to ruin his business, and the actual wrecking of his establishment. The situation becomes so strained that only the precautions of his two or three friends save him from a summary disposal at the hands of the mob. The negro problem, and the irrational temper of the populace in any question that concerns a negro, figure largely in the story, and prepare the way for a lynching scene that is described with ghastly picturesqueness. The author seems to have gained a singularly subtle insight into the southern way of regarding the color question, but leaves it hardly less a mystery than before to the analytic intelligence. The book has a softer side, also, and embodies a charming love-story, in which the hero comes out as successfully as his failure is complete in other respects. It is an unusually strong book, with an unusually strong man for its central character.

Just a love story—and a particularly nice one—is what we have in "Lynette and the Congressman," by Miss Mary Farley Sanborn. Lynette is a young woman who lives with her mother in a Washington boarding-house, and is employed in one of the government departments. She is a Virginian, and not the least of her charms is her soft and appealing southern speech, which is so reproduced in the text as to make its delicious accent sound in our ears. The congressman is from Michigan, and is a widower with two half-grown boys. He is besieged in the citadel of his affections by a pettish and opulent beauty who has distinctly vixenish characteristics, and his acts sometimes verge upon indiscretion. But his love for Lynette is the real thing, and saves him from the assaults of her designing rival. We do not quite like Lynette's daring experiment, which leads her, under an assumed name, to enter her rival's service as a maid, in order that she may find out whether the former is really deserving of the congressman's regard. The situation is, however, deftly managed, and not as unpleasant as it would seem from this description.

The Rev. James M. Ludlow, who achieved a brilliant success with "The Captain of the Janizaries" about twenty years ago, and who has since been moderately successful with certain historical romances upon biblical themes, is to be congratulated upon his return to a subject similar in type to that of his first and best book. His new romance, "Sir Raoul," is a story of the Fourth Crusade, and of its diversion, through Venetian intrigue, from its primary object to the raid upon Constantinople, which resulted in the brief restoration of the Emperor Alexius, the temporary union of the Greek and Roman churches, and the establishment of the Latin Empire of the East under Baldwin. Here is material enough and to spare; the richness of the material, in fact, is responsible for the chief fault of the book, which huddles one event upon another to confusing effect. Mr. Ludlow's hero is a youthful knight of the Black Forest, who suffers disgrace early in his career, and is given out for dead, but who in reality remains very much alive, and participates, under an assumed name, in the exciting happenings with which the romance is concerned. The interest is sustained at a high pitch throughout, and the author's knowledge of his subject seems to embrace both the broad historical issues of the period and a diversity of curious matters of detail respecting such things as chivalry, topography, and the secret ways of Venice and Constantinople. A neat and pointed style provides the story with an added element of attractiveness.

Mr. Randall Parrish has given us a spirited romance of Fort Chartres and Detroit in the days of the conspiracy of Pontiac, when Frenchmen were still clinging to a forlorn hope in their Mississippi valley outposts, and dreaming that a change in the political kaleidoscope might yet restore to them the dominion that had been lost forever when Wolfe had scaled the rock of Quebec four years earlier. "A

"Sword of the Old Frontier" is the title of this work, which describes a perilous journey from the Ohio River through the wilderness to Detroit, the hero being entrusted with the care of a young woman, who spurns him at first, as all haughty and well-conducted heroines are expected to do, and graciously yields in the end, which we are all the time comfortably assured is inevitable. The story is strictly conventional in type, but the type is one that has justified its right to exist, which is the chief matter.

"Losers' Luck," by Mr. Charles Tenney Jackson is a story of "the questionable enterprises of a yachtman, a princess, and certain filibusters in Central America." The yachtman, a reckless American millionaire, with a trio of his friends, is kidnapped in the harbor of San Francisco by the princess and the filibusters. The yacht and its legitimate proprietors are hurried to the coast of Central America, the unwilling captives warming up to the enterprise as their indignation cools. This fact is to be accounted for by the winsome charm of the princess and the daredevil characteristics of the yachtman. They are soon plunged into the thick of a revolutionary uprising, and some very pretty scrimmages ensue. The revolution is a failure, and the heroine for whose *beaux yeux* the yachtman has committed himself to the dangerous enterprise, has the bad taste to prefer a Spanish to an American lover, which leaves the yachtman disconsolate. Nevertheless, his last remark is to the effect that he would like to do it all over again. This lively book may be described as a blend of Bret Harte and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and the mixture is commendable.

"Twisted Eglantine," by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, is an English novel of the days of the Regency. A rustic beauty, who has character as well as charm, is the heroine, and her favor is assiduously sought by two persons — one an impetuous young soldier, her associate from childhood, the other an accomplished rake and dandy of the court. For a time the latter seems to prevail, and when he succeeds in enticing the girl to London, and dazzling her with the spectacle of fashionable society, the hopes of her soldier lover are at low ebb. But when the villainous intentions of Sir Piers are disclosed, and when at the call of the harassed damsel, Faversham deserts from the army in Flanders and hastens to her rescue, the situation is changed, and the conventional romantic ending is assured. Despite his selfishness and his cynicism, Sir Piers is presented to us as so attractive a figure that we are almost sorry for his discomfiture. He puts his rival so neatly in the wrong whenever the two men come into conflict, that we cannot blame Barbara from being tempted by his blandishments. Whatever the author may think of him in the character of the moralist, there is no doubt that he favors him in the character of the artist. And we are not abusing the word artist in this connection, for Mr. Marriott Watson has never given us a finer character-study than this of Sir Piers. It is hardly

necessary to say also, for those who are to any degree acquainted with his work, that the book has a distinction of style which sets it far above the level of most books of its class.

Another novel of about the same period is Mr. Weyman's "Starvecrow Farm," which stands in sharp contrast to the sort of historical romance which we associate with his name. Here the heroine elopes with the villain in the first chapter, but the villain is a very low scoundrel indeed, and his victim is soon undeceived. Soon abandoned by him, she has a variety of distressing experiences, which include a sojourn in jail, and a hairbreadth escape from a gang of cutthroats. Captain Clyne, who loves her after a fashion, and who saves her from the consequences of her imprudence, is by no means a hero of the romantic type, but is so vast an improvement upon the fellow who had so nearly been the cause of her undoing, that she accepts him gratefully in the end, after the usual measure of misunderstanding. This is by no means the best of Mr. Weyman's novels, but it has a considerable interest nevertheless.

The appalling vulgarity of English lower-class society, its absolute aloofness from everything that gives a spiritual meaning to life, its utter imperiousness to ideas of any kind, are the impressions that chiefly remain after reading "Kipps." Mr. Wells describes the hero of this realistic narrative as "a simple soul," but the description is inadequate, for he is represented as an *esprit borné* beyond our powers of credulity, if we are to regard him as being in any way of a normal type. For experience will knock even the meanest of normal natures into some sort of conformity with a new environment, but Kipps, born in poverty, and unexpectedly raised to affluence, shows no adaptability whatever, and proves incapable of sloughing off even the externals of the habit that has been fashioned for him by his instincts and his surroundings. Persistence of essential character under changed conditions is undoubtedly one of the deepest lessons of psychology, but average human nature is capable of a good deal of transformation to superficial seeming. Kipps, the draper's assistant, however, when he becomes Kipps the opulent, courted by society, remains a shop-boy no less in manner than in soul, and this despite his most resolute determination to acquire the ways of the class into which he has been suddenly elevated. This serves the author's purpose of humorous exaggeration, but it is not good science, and science is supposed to be Mr. Wells's trump suit. Nevertheless, the story of Kipps and his social mishaps is fascinating because of its merciless analysis of the irredeemably vulgar type of mind, because of its truthfulness of sordid detail, and because of its satirical side-lights upon the fads and follies of the age. We cannot easily forget, for example, such a characterization as that of one of the minor figures, the young man "who had been reading Nietzsche, and thought that in all proba-

bility he was the Non-Moral Overman referred to by that writer." We are quite prepared, after this, to expect the eventual crash in the finances of Kipps, who has rashly placed his property under the management of the young man thus neatly described. The book offers many such bits of entertainment as this, besides displaying an almost Dickens-like gift for the portrayal of eccentric traits and types of character.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" has given us, in "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," the most charming extravaganza imaginable. The Princess Priscilla, it seems, is a demure young thing who conforms outwardly to the life of the Grand Ducal court of Lothen-Kunitz, to the manner whereof she is born, but privately entertains her own views of things. Under the insidious influences of her tutor, the *Hofbibliothekar*, an impossible idealist of grandfatherly age, she has learned to despise the worldly advantages of her lot, and to yearn for the simple life. The crisis is reached when a marriage is planned for her with a prince whom she does not know. She informs her astonished tutor that in flight must be her salvation, and that he is to be her accomplice and companion. This innocent soul, transformed perforce into a conspirator, plans their secret departure, and, good luck aiding them, the strangely-assorted pair of adventurers make their way to England, and bury themselves in a country village, where they obtain a rose-embowered cottage. They take with them Annalise, reckless of the possible consequences. This menial seems a properly subdued and inoffensive person, but she has capabilities, and their development leads to the undoing of her mistress. But this is to anticipate. Settled in the village, Priscilla proceeds to demoralize its inhabitants by means of what the scientific philanthropists call indiscriminate charity. She invites the neighborhood children to Sunday parties, feeding their sinful bodies and imperilling their immortal souls. She employs help at unheard-of wages. She ruins the character of the model pauper of the village—a bedridden old woman—by gifts of five-pound notes and bottles of rum. She causes both the son of the vicar and the son of the great lady of the parish to fall wildly in love with her (she can't help that, poor thing!) and thereby stormily agitates the breasts of their respective mothers. It is all one bright dream of realized ideals until the money gives out, when clouds encompass the scene. Then Annalise becomes obstreperous, reveals the whereabouts of the truants, and the prince appears to bear away his betrothed. It is a lovely story, and the fortnight which it describes is all too brief for our enjoyment, although it proves quite sufficient to cure the princess of her vagrant fancies, and to reconcile her to the existence upon which she had impulsively turned her back.

"The Flute of Pan," which is the latest of the inventions of that accomplished woman of letters,

"John Oliver Hobbes," is also about a princess, and is quite as fantastic a tale, in its way, as the one previously under discussion. This princess, however, does not desert her principality, but, finding it threatened by armed invasion, imports a husband to command her forces, and share with her the cares of state. He is an eccentric Englishman of title and wealth, who has renounced the world of vanity, and is engaged in the pursuit of art. She finds him in his lodgings at Venice, and bends him, not altogether unwillingly, to her purpose, he, however, making the condition that when order shall be restored to the agitated realm, she shall abdicate, and return to share his humble life as an artist in Venice. The subsequent narrative is occupied, not so much with warlike adventure as with the private misunderstandings which keep the two at cross-purposes for a long time. Briefly stated, each suspects the other of an illicit entanglement. When these dark suspicions are cleared away, and when the enemy is defeated, the princess carries out her part of the bargain in good faith, but in the end new difficulties arise which compel her and her consort to take up once more the burden of rule. The whole story is told in the vein of comedy, and is but a trifling performance. For the explanation of the symbolical title, we must refer readers to the book itself.

A pleasing story of love, misunderstanding, and reconciliation is told by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick in "The Professor's Legacy." The professor is an eminent German authority on corals, and the legacy is his daughter, whom he leaves to the care of an Englishman of mature years, who has collaborated with him in the work which he does not live to complete. The Englishman offers marriage to the girl, as the simplest means of taking care of her, and she accepts, despite a girlish infatuation for a German musician. The scene then changes from Fichtensstadt to a country estate in England, but relations between husband and wife remain strained, he not seeing that she has really come to care for him, and she not discovering the genuine love concealed beneath his cold exterior. This device keeps the story going until it has attained the requisite length, when the mutual misunderstandings are cleared away. The story is, as we said at the beginning, a pleasant one, embodying no very deep passion or subtle analysis of character, but nevertheless an agreeable composition of nicely-adjusted parts.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

"The Javelin of Fate," by Miss Jeanie Gould Lincoln, is distinguished from the mass of current fiction by the technical skill with which it presents a plot that has in itself real movement and vitality. It is a Civil War story, its action centering in that hot-bed of rebellion, Baltimore. But it begins twenty years before the war, in a little mountain cabin in Virginia, where a distracted young mother deserts her child amid the pro-

phetic imprecations of the old mainny in whose care she leaves it. For years she escapes the nemesis of fate, but throughout her brilliant career there is one motive behind her social activities and political intrigues — the wish to punish the man who spoiled her youth and robbed her of the capacity for happiness. At last her opportunity arrives, but old instincts and old affections assert themselves. She forgives the man and goes to find her child. Then the javelin strikes her. This is the main thread of the narrative, which is skilfully interwoven with others less sombre. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

In "Miss Desmond" (Macmillan) Marie Van Vorst has made a long stride toward the writing of significant fiction. She has evolved a situation that Mr. Henry James would revel in; and without resorting to Mr. James's familiar method, she has brilliantly suggested, if she has not always developed, its subtleties. Her heroine, Miss Desmond, is a middle-aged recluse, a Bostonian Puritan, who has sacrificed her youth to an exacting old mother and has just awakened to the conviction that she has never really lived. In this mood of tentative, half-frightened dissatisfaction and longing she is suddenly summoned to chaperon a niece, — the sophisticated but unspoiled daughter of a thoroughly disreputable sister, — on a Swiss tour. A week later the object of the sister's latest love-affair comes by chance to their hotel. He finds in Miss Desmond the bodily appearance of the woman he had left in disgust, united to a spiritual beauty that he is in a mood to appreciate by contrast. The development of the theme is dramatic, though at times a little unsure; and the characterization is uncommonly delicate and significant.

"The Passport" (Harper), by Mr. Richard Bagot, is a rather slow-moving story of love and intrigue, in an Italian setting. A parish priest with a mysterious past is the ruling character. He has an interest, dating back to the time when he was a canon at Rome, in the young hero and heroine; and he finally manages to convince the girl's step-mother that young Rossano and not the gambling Belgian baron, d'Antin, is the more suitable husband for her charge. The baron has a coadjutor in the person of the Abbé Roux, as great a scoundrel as himself, but not so clever. Peasant revolts add an element of variety to the plots and counter-plots of the villains. Mr. Bagot's style is clever and finished, and one wonders a little why his book does not make more of an impression. It may be safely recommended as a good story, likely to carry the reader pleasantly to the end of its four hundred closely-printed pages; but it lacks a definite, clear-cut motive that should give it force and value.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's latest book, "Captains All" (Scribner), is named after the first story in a collection of tales, only three of which are really nautical. But any disappointment that the reader may experience on this score is soon forgotten in his enjoyment of the author's humor. Mr. Jacobs makes the doings and sayings of a certain type of English low-life irresistibly funny in the telling. His sailors ashore, his constables, night-watchmen, small shop-keepers, pigeon-shooters, and their wives and friends, are delightful studies, depicted with the same penetration and the same joyous appreciation of the comedy of life that distinguish all Mr. Jacobs's work. It is hard to pick out any stories deserving of special mention, for the workmanship is very even; but certainly none are better than "The Constable's Move," which tells how Policeman Evans's

worst enemy unwittingly got him made a sergeant; and "The White Cat," the story of a strange legacy that brought as much trouble on its various owners as the proverbial white elephant.

"Land Ho" (Harper) is the title chosen for a collection of Mr. Morgan Robertson's sea stories. In several of these are told the adventures of Scotty, an original old fellow forced by circumstances to be deck-hand on a freight barge in New York harbor, but leading a life full of interest and excitement none the less. The sea, as Scotty and the rest of Mr. Robertson's heroes know it, is a hard mistress, exacting a heavy toll of labor and sorrow and making little return; and as a whole Mr. Robertson's book does not make cheerful reading. A strange case of somnambulism is the theme of "The Cook and the Captain"; "The Lobster" and his friends are only amateur sailors, and a few stories at the end of the book have no connection with the sea or its folk. It is a pity that Mr. Robertson does not occasionally choose to exploit a thoroughly pleasant theme. His style is powerful, but his insight is always exercised on gruesome situations.

Mr. Charles Major's new romance "Yolanda" (Macmillan) resembles "When Knighthood Was in Flower" more than it does any of this author's other books. There is a piquant and spirited heroine who braves everything for the man she loves, and the hero is satisfactory enough, though distinctly subordinate in the reader's interest, as was Brandon. The love affair leads the pair through many extraordinary perils and dilemmas, but in the end the prince marries the princess exactly as their parents had planned, though the step is by no means taken out of deference to parental wishes. For some unexplainable reason Mr. Major has chosen to have the story related by Count Maximilian's tutor — a method which has its disadvantages when a passionate, and let us hope a private, love-scene is to be confided to the reader. In spite of this mistake, however, Mr. Major has written another good story, which his public will be glad to welcome.

Miss Margaret Sherwood's new novel, "The Coming of the Tide" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has much of the choice pastoral quality of her earlier book, "Daphne." This latter tale was so charming that it helped to set a fashion in fiction-writing; and perhaps it is only the host of perfunctory imitations that have come between to dull our appetites that makes "The Coming of the Tide" seem a little commonplace by comparison. It tells the story of a summer on the Maine coast, whither the heroine, a Southern girl, goes to forget a great sorrow. The plot, which is very simple, involves a study in heredity. The hero, a dreamy philosopher, is morbidly conscious of his inheritance of ancestral traits and ancestral quarrels. But the girl from Virginia makes him feel the joy of living, and understand the song of the tides. The charm of the book lies largely in Miss Sherwood's delicate humor, delightful fancy, and carefully finished, but never coldly classic, style.

Like all of Mr. Arthur Henry's stories, "Lodgings in Town" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is more fact than fiction. It tells how the author came to New York with a clean collar, eight dollars, and a poem, what he found in the city to hold his interest, and how he finally chose the obscurity of a mountain farm, in preference to material advancement in town. Much of the interest of the story springs from the keen analysis of New York's peculiarities, as Mr. Henry, fresh from a strenuous career in the Middle West, interpreted them. But the core of the

book is its philosophy. If a man works not for money or for himself, but, "searching events for the soul of them," takes unaffected pleasure in what he can do for other men, he can be happy anywhere — and most easily perhaps in a Baxter Street tenement. The intimate, straightforward, and lively style in which Mr. Henry writes, and his large and convincing optimism, make a strong appeal to the reader's sympathy.

The success scored by "In the Bishop's Carriage" lends special interest to Miss Miriam Michelson's new novel, "A Yellow Journalist" (Appleton). Like its predecessor this is a novel with a heroine; and the new heroine, Rhoda Massey, has a strong individuality — a pluck, perseverance, and a certain feminine charm beneath her masculine energy — that suggests Nancy, minus the curious moral attitude that made Nancy so unique. Rhoda finds newspaper work as intoxicating as most girls do cotillions, and thinks of nothing but pleasing her chief and "scooping" her rivals. Reporting in San Francisco seems to furnish an abundance of sensations, but the reader is not surprised when Rhoda gives it all up to marry the reporter that she had always secretly admired, though professionally they were at odds' points.

After these many years Mr. Rider Haggard has written a sequel, or rather a continuation, of "She." It is called "Ayesha" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), and is the story of the further adventures of Mr. Holly, the real author of "She," and Leo Vincey in the mountains of Tibet, whither they went to seek the wonderful Spirit of the Mountain. This time the token of verity which Mr. Holly sends with his manuscript is the sceptre with which Ayesha was wont to rule the shadows in her mountain temple. The story opens with an account of a vision in which the lovely Ayesha tells her mortal lover how to return to her. The adventures of the travellers are of no ordinary kind. Seven years of awful hardship are dismissed in a brief paragraph, and only the last crucial moments of the search are detailed. It will be interesting to see how the new "She" strikes twentieth century tastes.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, the author of "American Composers" and "The Love-Affairs of Great Musicians," has turned his insight into the emotional make-up of the musician to account by writing a novel. He calls it "Zal," which is a Polish word signifying the hopeless homesickness of the exile. The hero is a Polish musician, named Ladislav, who wins a slow recognition and then an overwhelming success in America. But it is his love affair with a rich American girl, rather than his concert career, that engrosses the reader's attention. As a study of the artistic temperament "Zal" is very interesting, but Mr. Hughes makes a mistake in forcing his hero to choose between saving his mother or his sweetheart from drowning. Such an episode cannot be satisfactorily handled in fiction. Otherwise, particularly for a first novel, "Zal" shows very good workmanship. (Century Co.)

"Lady Bobs, her Brother, and I" (Putnam) is already familiar to readers of "The Critic," where it appeared serially. Miss Jean Chamblin has followed a passing fashion in using the letter form for her story, and in supplementing plot interest with animated accounts of life and scenery in the Azores. Her protagonist is a young actress, who, being tired and so impressed with the futility of her dramatic efforts, goes off to rest in a far corner of the earth and finds there most of the people she has particularly wished to get away from — includ-

ing the inevitable lover. It is a pity that Miss Chamblin has felt it necessary to resort to meaningless slang and cheap humor in order to enliven her heroine's letters. In these days there is surely no good reason why an actress should not be represented as a cultured woman, exercising good taste in the choice of a vocabulary as in other matters.

"Child of the Stars" is the mystical title of a somewhat mystical tale by Mr. Robert Valentine Mathews. The narrative altogether lacks unity, but at certain points it has decided charm in spite of its annoying inconsecutiveness. At first it purports to be the autobiography of a man who began his life as a foundling in a Jesuit orphanage. Running away one day, not because of unhappiness but merely to explore the neighborhood, he found a little girl playing by the river. After this the story is more hers than his, and the title is the name of a famous picture which her faithless husband painted. The picture, again, is in no sense the pivotal point of the story. Mr. Mathews has some interesting material at his command, but he must either learn plot construction or else avoid altogether the novel form. His "Child of the Stars" is a confusing hybrid, — neither novel nor simple narration. (Edwin C. Hill Co.)

Mr. Herman Bernstein, already known as the author of several novels of Jewish life, in "Contrite Hearts" (A. Wessels Co.) presents still another picture of the simple yet picturesque manners of his people in Russia and New York. Mr. Bernstein's tale is sincere and quite devoid of artifice. It tells the story of two Jewish girls, the apostate daughters of Israel Lampert, cantor and reader of the law in his village. Both girls love Gentiles and are cast out from their father's house. They go singly to New York, meet there by chance, and in the end renounce the new thought that is disturbing their people's ancient beliefs, and become reconciled to their old father. The story has a curious interest, as an interpretation, from the inside, of a theory of life utterly foreign to the average reader's ideas.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A book of good sense and sound ideals.

Holding that life is the test of thought, not thought the test of life, Dr. Henry van Dyke puts forth a volume of "Essays in Application" (Scribner), being ideas and ideals tested by experience and removed from the domain of theory to that of fact. On an early page he refers feelingly to "those hours of despondency and disappointment when the grasshopper and the critic become a burden." Nothing that is to be said of his book by the present critic will in the least intensify the gloom of those despondent hours; for the essays are all excellent, both in substance and in form. The writer stands with both feet planted on the solid earth, while his "dome of thought" reaches, not into the clouds, but beyond them. In other words, practical good sense and lofty idealism are happily married in his pages. Wise counsel is offered on education, religion, literature, — its production and its consumption, — the simple life, and many other matters of universal interest. In his general reflections on the progress of the world, he is optimistic, or, rather, melioristic and hopeful. "Pessimism

never gets anywhere," he declares. "It is a poor wagon that sets out with creaking and groaning." His definition of literature recalls Matthew Arnold's. "Literature," writes the later essayist, "is made up of those writings which translate the inner meanings of nature and life, in language of distinction and charm, touched with the personality of the author, into artistic forms of permanent interest." Three evil tendencies he finds in our modern world against which the spirit of Christianity embodied in a worthy literature can do much to guard us. These are the growing idolatry of military glory, the growing idolatry of wealth, and the growing spirit of frivolity. The last-named tendency gives occasion for mildly rebuking a brilliant contemporary British essayist, much given to paradox, who will need no more particular designation. Touching on education, Dr. van Dyke deprecates the term "finished scholar," which to him has a mortuary sound, like an epitaph. The right education teaches to see clearly, to imagine vividly, to think independently, and to will nobly. Terse and striking phraseology is not wanting in these suggestive chapters. The whirl of fashion shows us the "busy emptiness of life at top speed." Would-be art connoisseurs "go into raptures over a crooked-necked Madonna after they have looked into their catalogues and discovered that it was painted by Botticelli." This, in Carlylesque language, is "the veriest simian mimicry of artistic enthusiasm, a thing laughable to gods and men." A book so admirably combining entertainment and edification is not published every day, or every month.

The blot on our national escutcheon.

In "The Indian Dispossessed" (Little, Brown & Co.), Mr. Seth K. Humphrey describes the treatment by the United States government during the last three decades of the Reservation, or peaceful, Indian. The book consists principally of extracts from the reports of Indian agents and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, connected by a thread of narrative. It is the old and familiar story of the ruthless occupation of Indian country by white men who recognize no right as belonging to the original owner. The Introduction briefly traces the steps by which the Indian was pushed back from the frontier, until finally there was no longer a frontier and he was then placed on the Reservation. The account of the treatment of the Reservation Indians is from the Indian point of view, and gives only one side of the question at issue; but there is no doubt that, according to the reports of its own officials, the government has been guilty of criminal negligence and gross injustice in its treatment of the peaceful red man. The author selects for discussion the cases of the Umatillas, Flat Heads, Nez Percés, Poncas, and the Mission Indians of California. The history of the four first-named is the same: a treaty is made with the United States securing to the Indians good reservations; then come the white settlers who want the Indian lands: next the government, influenced by the politicians, forces the Indians to less desirable

land, or to the Indian Territory — "the grave of the Northern Indian"; and then follows the gradual extinction of the tribe. The treatment of the civilized Mission Indians seems to have been the worst of all. They had good homes, were peaceful and good citizens, yet the government would admit to them no rights at all, — or, in the language of the Senate Committee, "the Indian had no usufructuary or other rights therein which were in any manner to be respected"; and the whites took their lands and homes. One of the final chapters describes the late method of dividing the spoils taken from the Indian. As long as there was a frontier the rule was, "first come, first served." Next, when reservations surrounded by settled territory are thrown open, the government fixes the day and hour, and thousands of home-seekers line up to race for homes, — as was done at the opening of the Cherokee Strip. Finally, the government makes use of the lottery, as in the case of the Rosebud Reservation, to divide out the prizes, — a method condemned as illegal by the national postal laws. The author disavows any intention of claiming that all men are equal or should be given equal privileges; but he maintains, however, that "no man has a place or fair chance to exist under the government of the United States who has not a part in it." From the government, influenced by politicians, the author expects little consideration for the woes of the Indian. The proper way to secure relief is, he says, to "instill in the public mind a deep persistent distrust of the National Congress."

The son of Napoleon and Marie Louise.

The personality and career of the son of Napoleon and Marie Louise have always attracted interest both historically and as a matter of curiosity. A new study of his position and importance is now offered in a volume by Edward de Wertheimer, entitled "The Duke of Reichstadt" (John Lane Co.), presented in a pretty binding decorated with the Napoleonic bee, and containing a number of excellent portraits. The volume is essentially an historical study, not a mere collection of gossip and rumor; for the author has made a careful search of many archives, understands thoroughly the historical setting, and is more concerned to give an account of the diplomatic intrigues centering about the Duke and his mother than to present a striking personal characterization. One learns, indeed, very little about the qualities and ideas of Reichstadt himself, for necessarily his ideas were of much less contemporaneous importance than were the ideas of such men as Metternich and Talleyrand as to what should be done with him. It is difficult to realize to-day that he really had so much importance, and that courts and cabinets were agitated for fear of movements and conspiracies to place him upon the throne of France. The plans solemnly proposed (when he was but seven years old) that he should be forced into monastic life, or precluded from ever marrying, in order forever to cut off the Napoleonic heritage, seem absurd to-day; yet to the

statesmen of that time his existence, even in the secluded circle in which he moved at Vienna, was a matter for constant surveillance. Mr. de Wertheimer traces the principal events, and narrates these diplomatic manœuvres, from the time of his hero's birth in 1811 through the twenty-one years of his life. Naturally, the central figure of the story is Metternich,—the man whose patriotic statecraft is responsible for whatever seems heartless in the treatment of Reichstadt and of Marie Louise. The latter is in no sense excused by the author for her conduct toward Napoleon, or in her later relations with Neipperg,—unless to portray her as a woman without imagination, or any perception of great principles, is an excuse. But personalities have little place in the author's method. His work is not intended for the merely curious, but it is of real historical value.

A pardon for our peccadilloes.

Our hearts do not leap up when we behold a halo on the title-page. So says the entertaining author of "The Pardoner's Wallet" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and therefore he will perhaps not thank a reviewer for designating him as the Rev. Dr. Crothers, especially as he has studiously shorn his name bare of all titles, sacred or profane, on his own title-page. But when the book-appraiser proceeds to balance this possible disservice by reminding the purchasing public, should it need any such reminder, that the author of the book in question is also the author of "The Gentle Reader,"—a fact also excluded from the title-page,—possibly the Pardoner will grant the offender an indulgence from his well-filled wallet. Of these eleven essays, three, if we mistake not, have already appeared in "The Atlantic"; the rest appear to be new. We find here, as in the author's earlier volume, a succession of pleasing fancies and humorous conceits, steadied with a due ballast of sober thought and moral purpose. Common sense, alert observation, a varied experience of life in divers longitudes of our broad land, gentle satire, delicate humor, all tastefully adorned with a sufficient garnish of literary allusion, quotation, and anecdote,—combine to produce a book that stimulates while it amuses, and promotes thought at the same time that it drives away dull care. The title finds its appropriateness in the fact that most of the chapters deal with faults and foibles that are not inexcusable, although open to friendly criticism. The essay that affords the purest intellectual delight is the *jeu d'esprit* entitled "How to Know the Fallacies," wherein "Scholasticus" is represented as yielding so far to modern educational methods as to throw his treatise on logical fallacies into the form of a series of lessons in botany. "Let us go out in the sunshine into the pleasant field of thought," says the botanist-logician. "There we see the arguments—valid and otherwise—as they are growing. You will notice that every argument has three essential parts. First is the root, called by the old logicians in their crabbed language the Major Premise. Growing quite naturally out of this is the

stem, called the Minor Premise; and crowning that is the flower, with its seed-vessels which contain the potentialities of future arguments,—this is called the Conclusion." A genial first-personalism (unkind the critic who should call it egoism) pervades the book and admits one quite intimately into the writer's confidence—or at least seems to do so. Finally, Dr. Crothers, to use the language of a brother divine, belongs to that best class of essayists who "clarify life by gentle illumination and lambent humor."

The greatest of Unitarians.

Among the greatest of the leaders of English thought in the nineteenth century, and the greatest of all in the Unitarian denomination, was James Martineau. It is fitting, therefore, that the centennial of his birth should be marked by the publication of an elaborate study of his life and work, prepared by Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter, an old pupil of Martineau and for many years his co-worker in Manchester College, and published by the American Unitarian Association. The book is really a model of what a work of this kind should be. Fully to understand the achievements of a thinker we must know the conditions of thought which surround him and his effect upon those conditions. Martineau's life covered nearly the entire century (1805–1900), and his biographer furnishes from time to time graphic and illuminating summaries of the intellectual movements of those years. One of the best of these is the fourth chapter, devoted to "Religion and Philosophy in England, 1805–1832." In this, the poets are shown to have played a prominent part,—Wordsworth, who "led the way in the revolt against the mechanical interpretation of the world"; Shelley, who "prophesied the regeneration to be wrought out only by faithfulness and love"; Byron, in "Cain," "with sterner defiance hurling his protest against the prevailing theology." With the year 1832, another new era was at hand, with Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, and John Henry Newman as its prophets. "Through the medley of conflicting cries in science, philosophy, and Biblical criticism, James Martineau slowly realized the task to which he was called:—to vindicate the great conception which he defined as 'the perennial Indwelling of God in Man in the Universe.'" How he wrought on this great life-work; how, gradually abandoning the language of the older generation, he denounced the method of interpretation in which he had been brought up; how he was rebuked for destroying all external authority, and how he replied by pointing to an authority from within, resting on the nature, scope, powers, and source of reason,—these are the great events in the life-history of this great and original thinker. Closing the volume, we agree with the biographer, that "among the English theologians of the nineteenth century none had covered so wide a range; none possessed so varied a knowledge; none had more completely blended the highest efforts of speculation with graces of character and the trusts of a lowly heart."

A handbook of musical history.

Professor Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin College, has written a work called "The Study of the History of Music" (Scribner) which we take pleasure in commending. It offers a straightforward and scholarly treatment of the subject, and is based upon the author's practice as a lecturer in the institution with which he is connected. There are forty-three chapters and a bibliography of works accessible in English. Besides this general list of authorities, each chapter has valuable bibliographical notes upon its special subject-matter. We quote the following passage from the introduction:

"The basis of the true study of the history and meaning of any art is not the reading of books about works of art, but the direct first-hand examination of the works themselves. This dogma needs to be incessantly hammered into the heads of amateur students of music. If this book encouraged anyone to substitute critics and historians for the actual compositions of the masters, then the author's intention would be grossly perverted and his hopes disappointed. The first aim of the music lover should be to make himself acquainted with the largest possible number of the best musical compositions."

Concerning this saying we would say that it is true, every word of it, but that such a warning is perhaps less needed in the case of music than in the case of any other art. Our observation has been that most young students of music neglect the history of the art altogether, and merely learn to "play pieces." Of the place of those compositions in the history of music, of their æsthetic and ethical content, and of the significance of their composers, few amateur musicians have any notion whatever. A book that aims to remedy this defect deserves a warm welcome, and need hardly fear that it will incline the balance of the student's attention in the wrong direction. We have often urged that music should be studied in the way in which poetry is studied, which of course does not mean that poetry should be neglected for the sake of books about poetry, but that acquaintance with no poem is adequate that does not include acquaintance with its place and function in literary history.

Some ethical gains through legislation.

All those who know the active part taken by Mrs. Florence Kelley in the crusade against child labor, overwork, and unsanitary conditions, will appreciate the value of a book from her pen which attempts to estimate the present value of "Ethical Gains through Legislation" (Macmillan), and which endeavors to suggest some of the many ways in which these already acquired gains may be increased many fold. The chief feature in the desired increase is the education of the employing, employed, and purchasing public in the rules which govern wholesome and honest labor, which tend to increase the public wealth, to strengthen the public health, and to strengthen the weaker members of the body politic. A discussion of these rules is the chief feature of Mrs. Kelley's book, which is divided into seven significant parts: "The Right to Childhood," "The Child, the State, and the Nation," "The Right to Leisure," "Judicial Interpretations of the Right to

Leisure," "The Right of Women to the Ballot," "The Rights of Purchasers," "The Rights of Purchasers and the Courts." To these the author has added five appendices, containing decisions of various courts in cases having an important bearing on the subject, or some part of it. Most of the material in the book, on the subjects of child-labor, compulsory education, and the dangerous trades, has been published before in one form or another, and is known in detail, or at least in part, to all who are interested in social reform. It is well, however, to have the matter formulated and united into one common problem of the right to labor and to leisure, as it is in nature. Mrs. Kelley's book is, by the conditions of its subject, tentative. Its chief value lies in its suggestions for future improvement.

Pleasant papers on literary themes.

A volume styled "Greatness in Literature and Other Papers" (Crowell) consists of eight literary addresses prepared for various academic occasions by Professor William P. Trent, and now collected for permanent preservation. The writer tells us that he does not call these papers "essays," because that term "connotes to my mind a discursive charm which, perhaps, I could not impart to any composition." This statement is too modest by exactly half, for, although the papers are discursive, they are undeniably charming, and none the less so because each one of them pursues a definite line of thought. Some of the subjects with which they deal are the question of literary greatness, the teaching and study of literature, the relation of criticism to faith and of literature to science, and the love of poetry. Upon all these subjects the author has excellent things to say, and the manner of his discourse is both persuasive and engaging. His remarks upon the study of literature, in particular, should be taken to heart by the too large class of our teachers who still make literature a thing of terror to their students; or, if not of terror, of desiccated substance and unattractive exposition. We hope that his example will induce others "to doubt the value of strenuous examinations and to appreciate more and more the necessity of trying to inculcate in students some of the high moral and spiritual truths taught by great writers, and to impart to them a taste for reading, a love of the best literature."

The Romany Word-Book.

We do not know how many of the readers of "Lavengro" at the present day have an interest in the gypsy cult in which George Borrow was an adept. For ourselves, the very sound of Romany has a sort of fascination which we readily pronounce in normal moments to be without much ground. There will probably be others who will be glad to see this reprint of the "Romano Lavo-Lil, or Word-Book of the English Gypsy's Language" (Putnam). The original, although not a rarity, is not easily found; and the present issue is an excellent substitute. When we consider the testimony of Borrow and

Leland to the appreciation on the part of the gypsy of a knowledge of the Romany tongue, we can easily see the value of such an introduction as this book affords to the gypsy world. It is not, however, merely or chiefly a word-book. It contains songs and stories in Romany and English, an account of various gypsy places of resort, and much other such material. Altogether it is an entertaining book, full of the spirit that makes "Lavengro" so attractive, and with a bit more of a serious definite character.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The John Lane Co. publish a two-volume edition of "The Poems of William Watson," with an introduction by Mr. J. A. Spender. The collection omits some of the poems included in previous volumes, makes frequent alterations in the others, and includes a considerable number of new pieces. It constitutes, for the present at least, a definitive edition of Mr. Watson's work.

A new edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's impressions of Oxford, with fifty illustrations by various hands, is imported by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Lang is such a loving interpreter of Oxford, knows the city so well in all its moods, and invests his studies with so much color and so much human interest as well, that his papers are no doubt extremely difficult to illustrate suitably. The sketches in the present edition are reproduced from the etchings and drawings of nearly a dozen different artists. Some are delightful interpretations of Oxford life and scenery; others hardly deserve a place beside Mr. Lang's text. On the whole they add something, though not so much as they easily might, to the reader's enjoyment.

Possibly book collectors, like poets, are born rather than made, yet the innate love of books may be cultivated, or at least stimulated, by a knowledge of the technique of book-making. There is ample justification, therefore, for Mr. J. Herbert Slater's "How to Collect Books" (Macmillan), which contains most informing chapters on manuscripts, paper, printing and printers, title-pages and colophons, book-binding and the famous binders, collectors and their famous collections, book auctions, sales, and catalogues; with admirable illustrations, and a cover design copied from the bindings in the famous Demetrio Canevari library of Genoa. This volume will be found to contain a feast of good things for every book collector.

With the publication of Dr. Samuel Bannister Harding's "Essentials in Medieval and Modern History," the American Book Co. complete their series of "Essentials in History," the four volumes providing the full course of four years' work now given in all high schools of the better sort. The entire series is admirably planned and executed, and may be adopted in full confidence that no better set of books for the purpose is now available. We note also in this connection the publication, by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., of "A History of Medieval and Modern Europe," by Professor Henry E. Bourne, which is also a work embodying the best scholarship and the most progressive pedagogical ideals. Between the two books here mentioned there is little to choose, and either is an immense improvement over anything to be had ten years ago.

NOTES.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, will be published by the Macmillan Co. early in the present month.

A new book from the pen of Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips, author of "Red Saunders," will be published this month by the Grafton Press. The new story is entitled "Mr. Scraggs," and is the personal account of incidents in the strenuous life of one of Red Saunders's friends.

"Incidents Attending the Capture, Detention, and Ransom of Charles Johnston of Virginia," reprinted from the original edition of 1827, with editorial matter by Professor Edwin Erle Sparks, is published by the Burrows Brothers Co. in their series of "Narratives of Indian Captivities."

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. publish a revised edition of "A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Mr. Ernest W. Clement. In its present form, this valuable work is brought thoroughly down to date by the addition of a chapter on the recently-ended war with Russia. There are two maps and many pictures.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. publish a new edition of "The Purple Land," by Mr. W. H. Hudson. This charming narrative of life in South America is now twenty years old, but it has never had one-tenth of the readers it deserves, a defect which the present edition may help to remedy.

"The English Dialect Grammar," by Dr. Joseph Wright, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press. The work is half Phonology and Accidence, and half Index. It includes all the dialects of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys.

The recent death of John Bartlett, the former Boston publisher, but better known as the compiler of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," has brought out the statement from his publishers that nearly a quarter of a million copies of this work have been sold since the first edition was published in 1855.

Two interesting numbers of the "Columbia University Germanic Studies" now at hand give us "Laurence Sterne in Germany," by Dr. Harvey Waterman Thayer, and "Types of Weltschmerz in German Poetry," by Dr. Wilhelm Alfred Braun. Hölderlin, Lenau, and Heine are the poets selected for treatment in the last-named monograph.

"Friedrich Schiller: A Sketch of his Life and an Appreciation of his Poetry," by Dr. Paul Carus, is an illustrated volume partly reprinted from "The Open Court," and now published from the office of that periodical. It is a book of popular character, and very interesting in its presentation of the subject, to say nothing of the many illustrations.

Mr. Ernest W. Clement, well known for his books on Japan, and especially his "Handbook of Modern Japan," has been appointed Acting Interpreter of the United States Legation at Tokyo. Mr. Clement has the confidence of the Japanese government as few Americans have, chiefly the result of a long residence in Japan, and an exceptional understanding of the Japanese mind and habit of thought. Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce that they will issue next year a new edition of Hildreth's "Japan, Old and New," revised to date by Mr. Clement, with an interesting introduction by Dr. William Elliot Griffis.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1906.

American Diplomacy. Francis C. Lowell. *Atlantic*.
 Balkans, Turkey vs. Europe in the. *Review of Reviews*.
 Caddis-Worm, The Net-Making. H. C. McCook. *Harper*.
 Canadian Progress, Year of. J. P. Gerrie. *Review of Reviews*.
 Carnegie International Art Exhibition, The. *World Today*.
 Catalytic Chemical Processes. R. K. Duncan. *Harper*.
 Chicago Faces, Impressions from. L. H. B. Knox. *Atlantic*.
 China, Awakening of. W. A. P. Martin. *World's Work*.
 China, The New. Adachi Kinnosuke. *Forum*.
 Chinese Boycott, The. John W. Foster. *Atlantic*.
 Chinese Press of Today. A. R. Colquhoun. *North American*.
 Colombia, Remaking of. E. H. Mason. *World Today*.
 Cotton Growers, The. Arthur W. Page. *World's Work*.
 Engineer Corps in the Navy, Plea for an. *North American*.
 England's Unemployed. Agnes C. Laut. *Review of Reviews*.
 Esperanto: the Universal Language. A. Schinz. *Atlantic*.
 Europe, Premiers of. O. D. Skelton. *World Today*.
 Far East, Am. Democracy in. John Foreman. *No. American*.
 Farming as a Business Enterprise. *Review of Reviews*.
 Football,—shall it Be Ended or Mended? *Review of Reviews*.
 Football, Taming. Shailer Mathews. *World Today*.
 Franklin in France. John Hay. *Century*.
 Franklin's Trials as a Benefactor. Emma Repplier. *Lippincott*.
 Ghost in Fiction, The. T. R. Sullivan. *Atlantic*.
 Hungarian Emigration Law. Louis de Lévy. *North American*.
 Indian Music of South America. C. J. Post. *Harper*.
 Indian's Yoke, The. Frances C. Sparhawk. *North American*.
 Insurance Millions, Irresponsible. *World's Work*.
 Insurance, State, New Zealand. W. P. Reeves. *No. American*.
 Irving, Henry, An Impression of. E. S. Nadal. *Scribner*.
 Japan, Financial, after the War. Baron Shibusawa. *Forum*.
 Japan, Leaders of. Mary C. Fraser. *World's Work*.
 Labor Union, Reforming a. V. E. Soares. *World Today*.
 Legislation, Special. Samuel P. Orth. *Atlantic*.
 Liberals, Victory of the. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews*.
 Lucin Cut-Off, The. Oscar K. Davis. *Century*.
 Mexico, City of, Legends of the. T. A. Janvier. *Harper*.
 Mexico's Great Finance Minister. Rafael Reyes. *No. Amer.*
 Morality, Our Anxious. Maurice Maeterlinck. *Atlantic*.
 Northwest, The Great. Cyrus Northrop. *World Today*.
 Paris, Americanization of. A. H. Ford. *World Today*.
 Politics, Honest, Great Victory for. W. MacVeagh. *No. Amer.*
 Porto Rico Industrial Progress. Beckman Winthrop. *No. Amer.*
 Porto Rico, Our Experience in. *World's Work*.
 Powers, The, and the Settlement. T. F. Millard. *Scribner*.
 Preface, The. Edward K. Broadus. *Atlantic*.
 Quay, Fall of. I. M. Marquess. *World's Work*.
 Railway Rates and Industrial Progress. S. Spencer. *Century*.
 Rate-Making by Congressional Committee. *North American*.
 Russia's Economic Future. Wolf von Schierbrand. *Forum*.
 Scientific Research Organization. Simon Newcomb. *No. Amer.*
 Sea Voyagers of the North. A. C. Laut. *Harper*.
 Senate, The—of Special Interests. *World's Work*.
 South America, What People Read in. *Review of Reviews*.
 Southwestward March, The. French Strother. *World's Work*.
 State, Redeveloping an Old. *Review of Reviews*.
 Strikes and Lockouts of 1905. V. S. Yarros. *Review of Reviews*.
 Surplus, a—Is it a Menace or Security? *Lippincott*.
 Taft Commission, Outcome of the. J. A. Le Roy. *World Today*.
 Telephone, The Far-Flung. Ralph Bergengren. *World Today*.
 Territories, Last of the. M. G. Cunliff. *World's Work*.
 Trusts, Plan for Regulating. J. F. Cronan. *North American*.
 Tsar, The Real. W. T. Stead. *World Today*.
 University Presidency, The. Andrew S. Draper. *Atlantic*.
 Wapita, The, and his Antlers. E. Thompson Seton. *Scribner*.
 Winter Bouquet, A. Frank French. *Century*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 67 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Recollections. By William O'Brien, M.P. With photographic portraits, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 518. Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.
 Portraits of the Eighteenth Century, Historic and Literary. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve; trans. by Katharine P. Wormeley; with critical introduction by Edmond Scherer. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per vol., \$2.50 net.

Julian the Apostate. By Gaetano Negri; trans. from the second Italian edition by the Duchess Litta-Visconti-Aresse; with introduction by Professor Pasquale Villari. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5. net.

The Life of Sir Henry Vane, the Younger; with a History of the Events of his Time. By William W. Ireland. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 518. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

Vikings of the Pacific: The Adventures of the Explorers Who Came from the West, Eastward. By A. C. Laut. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 349. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

John Fletcher Hurst. By Albert Osborn. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 509. Eaton & Mains. \$2. net.

Augustus: The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). By E. S. Shackburgh, Litt. D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 318. A. Weessels Co. \$1.50 net.

The Memories of Rose Eyttinge: Being Recollections and Observations of Men, Women, and Events during Half a Century. Illus., 12mo, pp. 311. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.20 net.

Russell H. Conwell, Founder of the Institutional Church in America: The Work and the Man. By Agnes Rush Burr; with introduction by Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 365. John C. Winston Co. \$1.

HISTORY.

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